

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2009

freedom is never free.

I saw that somewhere when I was a teenager, in a book maybe, and I tore it out, "laminated" it in scotch tape, and affixed it to the inside cover of my jewelry box. Freedom is Never Free. I was fascinated with the phrase. Freedom. What was it? Why do wars break out over it? Why is it what's taken away from a prisoner, as punishment? What is this concept that is so important to us? I knew, even as a teen, it somehow went much deeper than physical freedom, like the right to vote, freedom of speech, etc etc. So when I saw that, according to this quote, that it was never free... I began to wonder, so then, at what cost? And where do you go to buy it?

"There are so many to set free" is what I heard in my spirit in '05, as God showed me a vision of rows and rows of people behind bars, arms outstretched, hands waving, begging to be released. I had been praying for the people in my neighborhood at the time. From all outward appearances these people were not imprisoned in any way, no, they were the most relaxed folks I'd ever seen, without a care in the world it seemed, spending time on their front porches of their dilapidated homes. The kids romped in the street and played. The women had huge potbellies that rivaled the men. The men sat and drank beer and watched life go by, from the vantage point of the porch. I loved it there.

Why did God show me that these people were imprisoned? From all outward appearances, they were free as could be. Chew on that for a minute why don'tcha.

When all this started, God said, "Tell them who you are", and I just went blank. I had no idea.

All of this expression has helped me to answer my own question as to who I am. This strange journey began with a dream in the fall of '06, while the seizures were going on, but I was too afraid to tell anyone. I dreamed of walking alone on a road, and the wind started to blow. It blew with such force that I could no longer move forward, and I was blown to the side of the road. I even saw a car blown off to the side as well, showing me how strong the wind was. As I stood on the side of the road, I was given an electronic device, it looked like a waffle iron, but it was something to communicate with. I held it in my right hand and was told that with this device, I would tell others "where I've been, and where I'm going." I carried this thing and began walking on the side of the road, and a path opened up through the tall grass. I saw that the path before me ran parallel to the big road, yet I was protected on each side with tall grass, almost like a cornfield. It was a safer path to walk.

The electronic communication device, of course, turned out to be this laptop that my mother insisted I bond with during the past two years, while I recovered. The fact that it appeared to be a waffle iron goes along with something God told me, that this time would "iron out my waffling." Indecision, changing my mind, being unsure of so many things. I can say that now, my waffling is all ironed out. I know who I am, and I know what I want, and what I don't want. I am unafraid to speak out.

Physically, I'm so proud of my healing that I could burst. I laugh at what happened and I laugh at what God has done with me during this time. It's surreal. Only me. Only in my life would this happen. I'm not even 40 yet. What next?

Mentally, I need help. Currently, Acetyl L-Carnitine is my best friend, twice a day, and good old tea, all the time. And lots of sleep.

I will never play games again or try to fit myself into anyone else's standards. Freedom is the name of the game. We all have the right to be free, not only in your physical world, but in your friendships and relationships as well. To me, freedom is key. In all that I do on this planet from here on out, FREEDOM will be there. Oppression, condemnation, and accusation will not be a part of my life, and people who operate in these things will have nothing to do with me.

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For years I was always on the verge of an emotional breakdown, barely able to contain all that was inside of me, good and bad. The pain, the grief, the overwhelming pain of the loss of my brother. The loss of my role as a mother, or so I perceived it, when my daughter would live with her dad. The frustrations of being used, again and again, in search of finding love. The frightening dreams and visions that began to flood my mind as God began to reveal Himself to me, and then watching them come to pass, one by one, scaring the living daylights out of me, and sometimes out of the folks they had to do with, and the suspicious looks that followed. The uphill battle that has been the norm for me as a single woman, on my own since 1997, refusing any form of help from anyone, including my family, until I was forced to rest, after getting the brain infection. For years I have been a walking time bomb. No more.

I plumb exploded.

I am enjoying my life once more. I go to work and have a clear mind, for the first time ever. I no longer feel the need to talk about personal matters with people. I feel more capable of helping others, rather than needing help. I enjoy listening more than speaking. My nerves are healing, I no longer feel as if I could cry when the wind blows. I am free.

If I could leave you with one thing, I would say, HUMBLE YOURSELF.

That, or toy around with pride a little longer. Who knows, maybe God will grant you a nice long season of cleansing, like He gave me. The only thing is, that soap sort of hurts. You can do it the hard way, like I did. Or you can simply listen to me.

Give yourself to Christ. Turn yourself in. Surrender.

Don't make me get in my

(I still don't have a car so I'll have to get back with you on that one)